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DECEMBER.

The sunsets burn and die,
The moon comes up the sky,
The white lights brood upon the evening year:
In this window thou didst stand,
Where now within my land
I lay my face and know thou art not here.

What flowers of the south,
With white or crimson mouth,
Blow round thee through these hours and never die?
What shadows of the tropic
About thy chamber fall,
My own, in that far land where thou dost lie?

Thou star! as do arise
A mystic's raptured eyes
Into some planet, his hereafter place:
So upward from these dross
Last midnight of the year,
My spirit seeks the heaven of thy face! A. P.

DAVY CROCKETT ON THE TRACK;

OR,
The Cave of the Counterfeiters.

BY FRANK CARROLL.

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE,"
"JOHN FARMER'S FLOT," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SCOURING OF THE FOREST.

We left Colonel Crockett and his companions with the bear which had just been slain. Old Whirlwind yet had the carcass by the ear, shaking it and growling furiously, with full canine exultation over the achievement of his master.

The latter leaned on his rifle, looking down on the dead animal as the others approached.

"Taint bad for old Betsy," he said. "She knows just where to find the heart of a critter like this. But the tarnation brute has took us off the trail."

"I am going back to the rock to try for it again," said Rob.

"All right," said Davy.

"Whirlwind won't let me leave here till I take off the hide. I'll be after you soon."

The others stood by while the hunter skillfully removed the hide from the animal. He also cut out a few choice pieces of the flesh, which were wrapped up in the hide and left in a place of safety.

The remainder of the party now joined Rob, who was carefully searching the woods surrounding the open rock for some trace of a human trail.

In vain, however. The hard, parched ground had taken no impression of foot-steps. The autumn leaves had not yet commenced to fall, and the ground here was nearly bare of grass, or ought else that could retain the marks of feet.

The others joined in the search, with like ill success. Crockett put the dog's nose to the ground, and led him carefully over the whole place. The animal was excited yet from his bear hunt, and could not be brought to any keen scent of the soil. He either discovered no human scent, or discerned more ignoble game after his bear chase.

"We must spread a little," said Crockett. "The ground here don't take. Let us go about a hundred yards out, and try the side in a circle, till we run together. He's left the bush mighty keeful."

This idea was at once put into effect. The dog, on which so much reliance had been placed, followed unconcerned at his master's heels, apparently not knowing or not caring what was required of him.

Occasionally he would take a start to the right or left, but it was only in pursuit of a fly, or some other canine food for fancy. He took no scent.

Crockett, who had completed his space ere the others were half done, led the dog round the whole circle. But in vain, neither man nor dog found any trace of the fugitive.

"They're not crows, and they can't fly," said the hunter. "And they ain't noles, and can't dig. They've gone over this ground just as sure as shooting, and I'm not a-going to give it up."

"We must find the trail," said Rob, with deep earnestness. "I dare not leave Maggie in the hands of that villain if I spend a lifetime seeking her."

"Let us spread a bit more," said Mr. Baldwin. "And each search on his own hook. The further out he goes the less careful the scoundrel will get. It's a thing sure that he got off his horse at that rock, and came through the bush there. He's not on the rock yet, that's sound, and the question is how he left it."

"He struck inward," said Davy. "The rock sticks its nose out here and there, and it's like that he made the most of it. The ground's as hard as a brick between, and was following the line of occasional outcroppings of rock. Part of the others followed him, the remainder continuing their search to the right and left."

"Come here, Davy!" cried Rob. "Get your eye down to that mark and see what you make of it."

Davy ran up in reply and looked at the mark indicated. It was a very slight impression in a patch of moss on the edge of the rock. The delicate plant had been somewhat flattened, and on close examination some of its minute parts were found to be bent and broken.

"There's something heavy fell on that," said the hunter. "The alle starts just here, Rob. Keep your eyes lively. Down to it, man, on hands and knees, and smell it out if you can't see it."

The ground here was thinly covered with green, a yielding, elastic variety, that would spring again, after being trodden on. This was keenly examined, all the men now having gathered at the spot, and each joining in the search.

No positive traces were found. There were some faint, illusory marks, here and there a blade of grass that remained bent, a broken twig, or some similar doubtful indication.

Davy followed these marks with a slow, cautious progress, Rob keeping side by side with him.

"There's been no rain to beat the grass down," he said. "Some varment might have passed this way. If that blasted dog would only nose something, I'd be better satisfied. But he's got the smell of bar, and it's all up with him."

For a quarter of a mile these marks were followed. In one or two places they were sufficiently defined to be almost certainly the tracks of human feet.

They led to another rocky shelf, a bed of flat, bare limestone, the most extensive they had come to yet. Here the trail they had been following utterly ceased. For several hours they searched, tracing the ground for half a mile in some directions, and skirting the edge of Sugar Hill in their search, but without avail.

The soil was of a character excellently adapted to hide the traces of footsteps, and the sparse, elastic grass which clothed it sprung up untried from every tread upon it. Their own steps, though they had walked without caution, were only in occasional places visible, and the careful detector had succeeded in leaving no marks of his passage sufficiently declared to be evident to men who did not know where to look for them.

"This wood's full of varment, that howls around every night," said Crockett. "When you see the grass scratched, you can't tell but it's been wolf, bar, or catamount, or whether it's a human varment. If the thundering dog hadn't got bar smell in his nostrils now, I'd give ten coon skins if I had better here. He could smell out a man in a menserie of beasts. It's a long walk, but this job's got to be put through, and I've a mind to go over and get him."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, Davy Crockett," said Baldwin. "A twenty mile walk, or ride either, for a dog, won't pay. I've got some good hounds, which I'll go after, and see if we can't put them on the scent. You'd best all come over with me, though, and take a bite of dinner. This is gay work for building up a man's appetite."

The invitation was palatable. They were hungry enough to do justice to a good meal, and accepted the proposal without a dissenting voice save that of Rob's, who declared that he would remain there and continue the search till their return.

"See here, Rob Gordon, you're not a salamander," cried Crockett. "You've got an opening for vittles, as well as the rest of us. If there's a trail or a scent they'll wait till we get back, and it'll do no good to Maggie for you to starve yourself. Come on, lad." He took him by the arm and drew him gently but firmly on.

Ben Baldwin, as their host was usually called, set a profuse table for his guests. He was a man of considerable wealth, and had the finest farm in the district. He was as open-hearted as wealth, and noted throughout the region for his hospitality.

His present guests did full honor to his good fare, their morning's work having greatly promoted appetite. The viands disappeared with a rapidity and in quantities which would have astonished an inmate of the cities, to whom the ordinary trencher fare of the sons of the backwoods would seem marvellous.

The inevitable black bottle, which was the invariable accompaniment of the frontier dinner table at that epoch, was duly produced, and did much toward aiding them to throw off the recollection of their ill fortune in the morning's search.

Crockett got started in stories of hunting adventure, and several hours passed in the jovial conversation that ensued.

"If a fellow could take in all the stories that's been told about me," he said, "old Nimrod wouldn't be nowhere. I have killed a sprinkle of bar in my time, and not all with the rifle. I've took a hug more than once, and had to work in the knife to learn them better manners. I've had the claws of catamounts feeling for my ribs. I've fought ten wolves at once, and killed every howling devil of them. For all that, I ain't the terrible fellow they make me out on east."

"I've read some big stories of your doings, colonel," said Baldwin. "You've done your share to clear out the wild beasts from our woods."

"I've settled a trifle of them. Do you know the story they got up about me on that point?"

"No; let us hear it."

"Some comical fellow spread it in the papers that the varments took a great interest in my election to Congress, 'cause they thought they'd have it their own way while I was off in Washington law making. When I came back the woods were full of them. But there was the dence to pay amongst them when they found that old Davy was back. They struck out in droves for the Mississippi, and swam over to the swamps on 't'other side. Now, as the fellow said, I was riled at that, and was bound to let it out on the bar. So I cooned down to the river, took out my rick-tickler, and squatted down alongside the path they were taking. I weren't there long afore long come an old bar at double quick. When he got close at hand, up jumps old Davy with a squeal that went through the bar like a railroad whistle, and sung out, 'I've got you, have I?' It never failed. The bar keeled over like as if he'd been struck by lightning, and took the knife as kindly as a dead porker. I'd only to drag him out of the way, and squat down till another come along."

There was considerable laughter over this exaggerated story, which was but a milder edition of those that filled the Davy Crockett almanacs, so popular at a later date.

"I didn't know that you were such a famous hunter as that," said the host. "I don't doubt but what you're been humbugging the Washington people a bit yourself. You're fond of your joke I know, and in your trips up North I saw some laughable accounts in the papers of your long stories."

"All gammon, made up to sell the papers," said Davy, with a twinkle of the eye that belied his words. "I did once in a while take a fellow down, but only when they tried to pile it on me. Did I ever tell you about the little fun I had with the President's son?"

"No, I never heard it."

"It was at a fine dinner party in Washington, with plenty of the big guns on hand. A spruce young fellow stepped up to me, and says he:

"I presume, sir, you're from the backwoods?"

"Yes, sir," says I.

"A friend told me that it was the President's son, and I saw the lark was worth some fun with me, so I thought I'd give him all he wanted."

"What were the amusements in the backwoods?" says he.

"Oh, says I, 'fun alive there. We're

all split up into sets, and every set has its own fun, so a man is never at a loss."

"What kind of fun?" says he.

"Well, you see, there's four sets in the backwoods. The first set has a trade with some green truck on it, and it's got pockets, and they knock a ball about on it to get it into the pockets. They are the quality of the country, and they are a mighty heap of fun. But that ain't my set. Then there's the second set. They take their rifles, and put up a board with a white spot on it, and blaze away all day for anything you please. They see a mighty heap of fun too, and I tell you what, I'm mighty hard to beat as a second-rate hand in that set. The third class, says I, 'is composed of little boys. They go about with their bows and arrows, and put up a leaf again a tree, and shoot from morning till night for persimmons and such like. They see a mighty heap of fun too. But the fourth set," says I, "oh, bless me, they have fun." This is made up of the women, and all that likes that set. When they want a frolic, they just go into the woods and scrape away the leaves and sprinkle the ground with corn bran, and build some light wood fires about, raise a banjo, and begin to dance. Maybe you think they don't go their death upon a jig, but they do, for I've gone there one morning and raked up my two hands full of toe nails."

They all laughed heartily at this story, even Rob, whose face had continued full of anxiety, breaking into a smile.

"What induced you to tell such a yarn in such company?" he asked.

"Oh," said Crockett, "they were ready to believe everything they heard about the backwoods, and I thought I'd just give them an idea of our corn dance, so long as they were trying to put it on me. You can bet there was a roar, and while they were all laughing, I just slipped out and went to bed."

"You must have astonished the natives a little," said Mr. Baldwin.

"Hadin't we better have the dogs out and strike back for the woods?" asked Rob.

"I'm agreeable," said Davy. "Trot them out, Ben, and bring Mose along. He knows the dogs and how to manage them."

In a short time they were prepared to return to the forest. Whirlwind looked askance at the two tall hounds that followed their dark leader, Mose, into the company. As if affronted by their offer of friendly intimacy he turned disdainfully away, and with a slight growl, stationed himself at his master's heels, where he stayed throughout their walk.

Arrived at the point at which the trail had been lost, Mose led his dogs round the spot, encouraging them by word and action to take the scent of the fugitive.

His object seemed to be at once apparent to them, and they ran rapidly round, eagerly sniffing the ground. In a moment they seemed to take separate scents, but running in toward the rock instead of outward. Encouraged to go in the opposite direction, they ran a considerable distance out, and then commenced returning on their course and circling round in a confused and intricate manner.

"My I never lift old Betsy again," cried Crockett, "if the tarnation dogs ain't on our own tracks! They're trailing us beautiful, but they ain't got a smell of Dick Brown."

"It's so, sure as jumping," said Baldwin.

"Take them out further, Mose," said Davy, "we've split the trail there. A bit further yet."

Old Whirlwind lay at ease on the edge of the rock, his head between his fore legs,

the sun shining warmly on his shaggy coat, and watched with a sort of disdain the ineffective efforts of his two sleek rivals.

He might as well have spoken as looked the speech. "Go ahead, puppets! If you can scent as much as a possum where Whirlwind has given in beat, I'll draw myself in the first puddle."

Mose's hounds went snuffling eagerly around, running over the ground at a rapid pace, and circling in many a devious course, but without any apparent discovery.

The two woodmen, Davy and Rob, had been, at the same time, examining the ground outside their former circle of search, but with as little success. The former kept his eye on Whirlwind in the intervals of his search, as if he had yet hopes from the hound.

The animal did, indeed, appear to be as uneasy and restless at length, as if in fear that these smooth-haired competitors might rob him of his hard-earned distinction.

Rising, he stretched himself, and then proceeded leisurely to the edge of the rock. Round this he passed at a slow pace, his nose to the ground. He had about half encircled it, and had nearly reached the spot at which the trail had entered it, when he stopped and sniffed the ground eagerly.

He now crossed the rock to the original trail, sniffed there a moment as if to assure himself of the personality of the animal, and then returned, proceeding slowly outward, with his nose close to the earth.

"Do you see that?" said Crockett, somewhat triumphantly, to his host. "Whirlwind has grown jealous of your dogs, and is going to give them a touch of his quality. I knew it was in him if we could waken him up. That dog's a power."

"Maybe he's after some of us, or after another bear," said Baldwin, not much liking the disparagement of his dogs.

"He's after Dick Brown," said Davy, decisively. "The dog didn't know what we wanted this morning. He knows now and he's not the animal to make a mistake. Did you notice him going back to take the scent?"

"Yes," said Baldwin.

"The cunning hound knew well where to look for it. He had this morning good, though he wouldn't acknowledge. The scent don't lay well to day, the ground's too dry—but there's no mistake but he'll follow it."

The course taken by the dog was in a direct track to which they had not devoted much search, being partly a return on the first trail of the fugitive. It soon turned, however, and went westward through the woods.

Baldwin's hounds ran eagerly to where the old bear dog was coursing. They would have taken the ground in front of him, but a slow, savage growl seemed to admonish them that their rival would stand no trifling with his discoveries. They fell behind him, as if considering that prudence was truly the better part of valor, and followed at his heels.

The course was so slow that the men readily kept pace, at a brisk walk, with the dogs. The track lay for half a mile out in that direction, gradually becoming diverted to the north-west.

Crockett's keen vision caught once or twice glimpses of the lost trail, one or two so evident that he was confident that they were made by Dick Brown's "flat-foot foot," as he chose to call it.

Before them lay a small streamlet of about two feet in width, which they remembered having crossed in the morning. Its bottom was principally of the bare rock, or of small, rolled gravel, nearly every

trace of soil having been swept out by the running waters.

Whirlwind crossed this rill, but immediately seemed to be at fault. He ran backward and forward, and up and down the course of the stream, seemingly distressed at his ill fortune.

He finally walked up to his master, and looked inquiringly into his face. Davy affectionately patted his gray, shaggy head—

"You've done your best, old boy," he said. "Dick Brown's took to water, and that won't hold scent. Up stream, lad. Down stream goes back to the lane, and that's not his line. I'll take Whirlwind up here to the left. Mose, you can take your hounds up the right side. Keep your eye on the edge, Rob, I'll track the grass out here. You take the grass on that side, Joe. We've got to find where they left the water—and it won't do to go fast, or to slip an ounce of mud or a blade of grass. I think we can trust the dogs to take up the trail, but they aren't much used to tracking human game, and we've got to make the most of our eyes."

Sugar Hill rose before them, in the direct line of their course, something over a quarter mile distant. They were a half-hour in reaching it, so thorough was their search. But the foot of the hill was at length reached, without any successful result, and they found the stream to flow from the dense, briary thicket, that extended some twenty yards back to the foot of the hill, up which it ran for a hundred yards more, there slowly yielding place to the trees that clothed the upper portion of the elevation.

Crockett looked keenly up this thicket. It was, to all appearance, dense and impassable, except by a liberal use of the hatchet, the bending bushes meeting over the stream, and seemingly closing all passage inward.

A rapid, embracing glance satisfied him that they had not passed here.

"It's thick briar for over a hundred yards, that a coon couldn't pass without shaving his hide, and it comes into nothing but the open wood up yonder. Nobody in his senses would try to get through a thicket like this when he could walk round it. Besides it would take a sharp hatchet to open a track here, and there's not a cut on the bush, that I can see."

Little did he dream of the mystery which lay behind those innocent bushes, and which Edward Gordon was soon to penetrate.

"We must have passed the trail," said Rob.

"Or it must have gone down stream, though I didn't think so. We've got to turn on our tracks. I'll take Whirlwind down this side this time, and see if there's any more virtue in his nose than in Mose's hounds. No offence, Ben, but there's not that dog in the state that can hold a candle to Whirlwind."

"He's a good dog," said Ben, shortly.

"We'll see if he can find anything." As the reader may imagine, nothing was found, though they followed the stream to the lane and below it. Baldwin's hounds struck the scent of the bear that had been shot that morning, and were off in full cry, when they were called back by the stern voice of their master.

"They are only following Whirlwind's case," he said, apologetically.

"That's so, Ben. They're the make of good dogs, and it's not bad in them taking up that dead scent," said Davy, as if wishing to cover his former disparagement.

"But you must allow that they haven't Whirlwind's age and experience."

"True enough, Davy, nor his training either," said Baldwin, good humoredly.

The search proved utterly futile, though continued the whole afternoon, and toward night they returned, weary and discouraged with their ill success, to Baldwin's house.

"I've tracked Injuns in my time, and sharp ones too," said Davy, discomfitedly. "But I think this fellow's first cousin to the devil. It's no slouch that beats four months eyes and three dogs noses. I'm a little on my mettle, boys, and I'm not to be dung off that way. Besides, there's the gal Maggie that's got to be brought back, if I take a month to it."

"Or if I take a lifetime," said Rob, gloomily but firmly.

"They were as good as their word. Joe went home, but the two friends spent the night at Baldwin's, and were off early next morning, rifle on shoulder and dog at heels, to renew their unsuccessful search."

The whole day was spent in the most earnest and persistent scouring of the woods for miles round the vicinity, but with utter lack of success. It was near night time when an idea that had been troubling Davy's brain for an hour found vent in words.

"We've hunted every spot but one, Rob, and there, it strikes me, we were too easy satisfied. Brown was in that run, sure enough. We tracked it down, but we let a few briars stop us in our way up. We've used up all the likely places, it's our business now to try the unlikely places. That run may make an easier pass through the thicket than we thought, and I vote that we try it, any how."

"Not much hope," said Rob, in discountenanced tones, "but there will be no harm in the trial."

But it was near nightfall, they were three miles on the other side of Sugar Hill, and they might need a hatchet to make their way through. They concluded then to give up their search for the day, and make a new effort early in the morning.

They spent the night at the house of a friend near where they were. Several of



MAGGIE CAMPBELL IN TAKEN ON BOARD THE VESSEL.

the hunting fraternity learned of their presence and called them during the evening. Hearing of how the affair stood, they volunteered to accompany them, so that the party, that started an hour before daylight the next morning, consisted of six persons. Ben Baldwin joined them as they passed his house, further augmenting their number.

The sun was yet of no great height when they entered the wood and approached the centre of operations. To their surprise they beheld a number of men approaching them, having one, apparently a prisoner, in their midst.

They were partly concealed from view behind a thicket. They instantly withdrew out of sight of the advancing party, who were too much preoccupied to perceive them. The bush was rather open, with paths through it, and Rob and Crockett pushed into it, in order to get a nearer look at the strangers.

The others followed them as they worked their way carefully and noiselessly through the bushes. What was their surprise, on reaching a point that afforded them a view, to find the party halted, their prisoner tied to a tree, and a man before him with leveled pistol.

"By the blue heaven!" growled Crockett, in a low tone, as Betsy suddenly rose to a horizontal elevation.

"Stop! That's my shot!" whispered Rob, in high excitement, as he learned from the remarks of the leader of the gang that it was his own brother they were about to murder in cold blood.

The conversation, as he elsewhere detailed between the outlaws, was heard by the hidden men, and Gillespie again leveled his pistol.

Before he could touch the trigger, however, the rifle of Rob Gordon blazed from the thicket, and the gambler fell, a dead man.

The outlaws looked around them in the utmost consternation, and instantly took to their heels, all except Henderson, who turned his pistol upon the prisoner, as the instant that Rob burst, like a shot from a catapult, from the thicket.

CHAPTER XVI.

AGAIN IN CAPTIVITY.

We must return to the fair fugitive, whom we left running at full speed from the threatening danger. Her overmastering dread of the form she had seen among the advancing men added wings to her flight, and she sped on with but the one thought, that freedom and safety lay before.

And never more was speed needed. She had gone scarce a hundred yards ere the sounds of pursuit were heard behind her. Looking fearfully back she saw, with deep terror, that her hated abductor was in rapid pursuit of her.

He had not been deceived by Ned Gordon's scheme, but had immediately skirted the thicket in fear of some such effort. She now ran with yet greater speed. It was not such a notion as a city girl would call running, but a flight more like that of the fabled Atlanta, the result of her open-air life and western training.

And much she needed speed, for the man behind her came on with dangerous rapidity. She would have distanced him, however, such strength did fear lend her, but that she unfortunately struck her foot on a greasy root.

She was thrown violently forward, the great speed at which she was going causing her to strike the ground with such force as to stun her and render her insensible.

It was an hour before she recovered her senses, so seriously had she been injured by the fall. She did so to find herself lying alone in a dark place, which, at first, she feared was the cavern from which she had escaped.

But a few rays of light that came down through crevices in the roof enabled her to see, after a moment, that she was in a rude log hut, probably the abandoned habitation of some former settler in the woods.

Her mouth was tightly bandaged, so as to prevent any outcry, and in attempting to rise she discovered that her hands and feet were tied so that she could not move. Her abductor had left her in this utterly helpless condition and gone away for some unknown purpose.

It may well be imagined that she tried every measure to relieve herself from these bonds, but in vain, they were so skilfully and firmly tied as to resist all her efforts. She was utterly helpless.

Her next attempt was to remove the bandage from her mouth. In this she was more successful. By dint of turning over on the floor, and catching it in a projection, she managed to draw it down so as to release her lips.

She had not time in making use of this partial freedom. He would not have tied her so but that he feared her giving the alarm. There was then some reason to hope for success, and she made the hut ring with the full power of her voice, in hopes that a still cry might reach some ears without, and bring her assistance.

She had not long to wait for an answer to her call. Footsteps sounded outside, and the door was opened. The door was ajar, and she saw a man standing in the doorway. With a heart throbbing with anxious expectation she awaited the opening. In a moment more it was flung wide open and the flood of the daylight rushed in, penetrating every corner of the old hut.

But her hope ended with a bitter revulsion to dread and terror on seeing the face and form of her tormentor standing in the open doorway, and looking down on her with a leer of triumph.

"That's pretty well done, Maggie," he said, "but you've stirred up the wrong element."

She made no answer, but turned her face away, as if she could not bear the sight of his countenance.

"See here, gal," he continued, "I don't want to put you to any trouble. If you'll only promise to hold your tongue and behave yourself, I won't hurt you. You've got to go with me, that's fixed, and you may as well go comfortable. I like you, Maggie, too well to want to hurt you, only I can't trust you. Will you promise?"

She still made no answer. She would make no such promise, yet feared to drive him to extremities by openly refusing.

"Very well then, gal," he said, after a moment's waiting. "I'll just close up your talking pipes again, being as you're a going to be contrary."

Without more ado he slipped the bandage back over her lips, effectually preventing any freedom of speech. His next action was to remove the stout twine by which he had tied her ankles, and lift her to her feet.

"I ain't a-going to as you to walk, Maggie," he said. "I've got a horse out here, which is what I've got after. We've got a long step before us, and I reckoned it might be too much for you."

He led her now into the open air, where stood a horse ready saddled, stolen for the purpose, as she imagined, from some stable in the vicinity.

Lifting her, as before, to the saddle, as though she were a feather, he mounted be-

hind her, and started off through the woods, clapping her waist so as to prevent her falling.

The forest was here rather open, the stony character of its soil preventing any dense growth of trees. There was but little underbrush, and the horse was enabled to make his way over the level ground almost as easily as if on a high road.

They rode slowly, Gillespie apparently not fearing pursuit, and not wishing to render the journey unpleasant to his captive. After two or three miles of this slow progress the wood grew denser. The soil here was richer and deeper, and the trees became so close together as to render their progress necessarily slow. There was more underbrush too, which added greatly to the difficulties of the way, forcing them to pursue a very devious path.

"I reckon there's no danger of anybody hearing you now," he said, "so I'll give you a chance to talk, if you feel like it. I didn't want to put you to any trouble, Maggie, you drive me to it. You can yell now till you're blue in the face, and you won't start anything bigger than a squirrel."

With a desperate movement he removed the bandage from her mouth. He also released her hands, which had continued bound.

"I'll just put these bits of stuff in my pocket," he said, "so they'll be handy if you try to raise a disturbance. You kin talk as much as you want—but I kin kinder to keep my hand on you."

But his captive did not want to talk. The removal of the bonds was a pleasant release to her, as they had proved very uncomfortable. But this she would not acknowledge. She was too proud for entreaty, and too sad for recrimination, and kept silent, rather than indulge in useless speech.

Her captor, on the contrary, seemed in a humorous mood. He chatted away right on as they rode on, and had probably freed her lips with the expectation that she would be glad of the opportunity to talk.

If so he reckoned wrongly. His captive preserved a rigid silence, making no answer to his questions or remarks, and keeping her eyes fixed on the ground in front of her, full of sad retrospects of her misfortunes.

That attempted resistance would be useless she was well satisfied. She knew too well the strength of her captor to attempt escape from him, and took his word and action in proof of the fact that they were too deep in the forest for any cry for help to reach human ears.

He appeared inclined to be respectful in his language, and held her in a way to make her as comfortable as possible, yet the ride grew increasingly wearisome to her, and his remarks distasteful to the last degree.

Deeper and deeper into the forest they rode till it grew so dense that it was only with difficulty that a horse could pass. They were on the edge of the wilderness of the Shaker, and the effects of the earthquake were visible in broken and fallen trees, in others split from their roots up so that the two halves lay apart, and in dense thickets that filled the place of areas of fallen and decaying trees, and in wide gullies, of unknown depth, half filled with water, their edges fringed with bushes.

The earthquake of 1812, had left here still greater traces of its power. Besides opening the earth into these numerous gullies it dammed up the Ohio river, a deep and navigable stream emptying into the Mississippi nearly opposite New Madrid, forming two considerable lakes, one nearly twenty miles long. It was this body of water over which Ned Gordon had passed two days previously.

At that period no one lived in this region. Several severe hurricanes followed the earthquake, leveling numbers of the half killed trees, and leaving large areas for the growth of almost impenetrable underbrush.

This section of country formed, at the period of our story, the best hunting grounds in the West. Bears, wolves, panthers, deer, elk, wildcats, &c., were there in abundance, it being the only place in that latitude, east of the Mississippi, where elk could then be found. It was also famous for its great quantities of honey, the immense number of trees killed by the earthquake forming excellent hives.

The lakes were filled with wild geese, ducks, and other game birds, and smaller game abounded in the woods.

This was the favorite hunting ground of Col. Crockett. Many a time had these woods resounded with the thunder of old Betsy's voice, and hundreds of bears and other animals had fallen victims to his prowess. It was very seldom traversed, however, except by the adventurous hunter, and Gillespie was well aware that he rarely little risk of interruption. Indeed west of the lake the ground was, as yet, almost untrampled.

He struck this sheet of water about a mile from its southern extremity, and skirted the thickly grown shores until he had passed quite round it, and emerged into the woods on the opposite side.

Passage here was, if possible, even more difficult for an expedition. The dense and extensive thickets forced him to constant detours in order to pass them, and in some places they grew so closely together that he had to force his way through.

He would have abandoned the horse and taken the easier passage on foot, but that he feared the strength of his captive might give out, and that the night in some way yet escape from him.

They had left the lake some miles behind them ere the wood thinned out sufficiently to render passage more easy. They had now been several hours on horseback, and the captive was becoming dreadfully weary of her unpleasant seat.

She at length broke her long silence by requesting her abductor to stop, saying that she could no longer endure the pain which the saddle was causing her.

"Why certainly, Maggie, I've got no sort of objection, if you'll promise to go along quiet, and not put me to any trouble."

"I will promise," she briefly said, glad to make any promise to escape from her present position, and well satisfied that any attempt to escape would be useless.

"It's only three or four miles further," he said. "We'll leave the horse to take care of itself, and foot it the rest of the way, if you're agreeable."

"Very well," she replied.

Lifting her carefully from the saddle, he gave the horse a sharp stroke with his hand, that sent the animal off briskly through the woods, in a direction at an angle to that which they had been pursuing.

An hour's brisk walking now brought them within sight of the river. It was a beautiful view that lay before them. The broad stretch of water, seen in brilliant glimpses through the trees, and fringed with a wall of forest on the opposite bank, shone with a glorious lustre in the rays of the midday sun.

But she had no eyes for the stream. She looked eagerly up and down the banks in hopes of seeing some person who might

aid her to escape. But utter solitude marked these shores, the only evidence of human life consisting in a small, yacht-like vessel, that rode at anchor at a short distance from the shore.

The hope sprung in her mind that possibly aid might come to her from this vessel, and she scanned the deck with an eager eye, for some trace of its occupants. But all seemed as dead as the water upon which it rode.

Her captor struck the shore just opposite this craft, and with great surprise she heard him give vent to a shrill whistle. The next instant a rough looking man appeared on deck, looking shoreward.

"Fetch a boat here, Jim, I want to go aboard," said Gillespie.

Without reply the man stepped into the boat that floated alongside, and commenced to pull ashore.

Ned indeed the heart of the captive sank within her, as she saw that which she had hailed as a possible relief turned into a prison.

For the first time she made an appeal to her captor for release, in a tone full of anguish and pain that had for hours filled her heart.

"No, no, Maggie," he coolly replied, heedless of the piteous character of her appeal, "I've had too much trouble to catch and to keep my bird to let it go now, when I've brought it right to the cage. I don't reckon to do you any harm, so you needn't fret, but I ain't a-going to let you off."

She looked, with a wild glance, up and down the shore, a strong impulse to seek safety in flight coming upon her.

He seemed to read the meaning of her glances, and took her by the arm, as if to prevent any such effort.

She proudly shook off his grasp, as though it was the touch of a serpent, and bent her eye upon him with a glance of irreconcilable hatred and disgust. He turned his eyes away. There was something in her glance which he could not just then endure.

Without another word she stepped proudly aboard the boat, that just then grazed the bank. He followed her with equal silence. The current, looking curiously at her, but making no remark, bent again to his work. In a few minutes they were beside the vessel.

The deck was low, and with aid from her captor's hand she easily stepped aboard. Turning from him she walked back to the small, open cabin, and closed the door behind her as she entered. Here her proud bearing fell, she fell into a seat, and her head falling forward on the table in the bitterness of her grief.

CAPTAIN MILLICENT.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Mrs. Pierreham lived, moved, and had her being in the "wealthy circle" of New York. She was one of those human ladies who toil not neither do they spin; and because she neither toiled nor spun, but dressed handsomely, and walked gracefully, and was altogether a mistress, and lovely of pet for the eye to linger on, many a heart had been won by her.

She was a doll, and other women averaged themselves for their own heavy lot by characterizing her as a heartless woman of fashion, and still others openly and not unkindly eyed her as a pet of fortune, a woman without care and without trouble. Nevertheless they were all in the wrong.

In spite of apparent dissimulation there is a marvellous likeness between your lot and mine, and Mrs. Pierreham and either a doll, or heartless, or in Paradise. She had sometimes trouble, and sometimes severe trouble with her servants. She was vexed and grievously inconvenienced that her dresses did not fit, or were not made according to her directions, or were delayed far beyond the promised day. Sometimes her own husband annoyed her, and often and often the sorrows of the world threw her into great perplexity and tribulation. She had no children, and though she was too well aware of the hazards of life and the immaturity of human wisdom to be overmuch concerned, she was still not ignorant that the care, the concentration of mind, the thoughtful philosophy required by the management of a household, and the necessity of the greatest of all self-reliance, substituted for the certainty of open vision. She had not the taste for the culture, possibly not the material to gather a salon after the approved Recamier pattern; and thus, not being able largely to influence the rich and leashed, her own energy, which was not a little, was chiefly expended on the desolate poor. But even here she was not wholly content. She was no more sentimental, no stolid, if sympathetic, sister of charity. Above her heart lay a strain. She could not fall upon a fact without instinctively, though perhaps silently, investigating its cause. She was appalled by the mass of poverty that met her eyes, and still more appalled by the conviction that it was so largely a legacy, a legitimate, an inevitable poverty. Here and there assistance might avail to improvement, but for the greater part it seemed to her that the only remedy was to turn up this world and start another.

This, however, was not a scheme that she proposed to set in operation. Her did her profound despair of general utility prevent her from very active exertions for individual relief. She saw that her people were idle, thriftless, shiftless, extravagant and self-indulgent; yet, when their vices or their weaknesses brought them to distress and dismay, she went in among them with oil and wine, and soothing words and smiling ways, and sometimes they rose up to new life, and often they rose up to the old, and went their way full of cursing and coarseness and bitterness, and then she waxed even more gentle and pitiful, and gazed into the awful mystery with deep, sad, silent eyes.

She was one day threading the densely-crowded alleys of poverty and woe, and seeking work and aid among the wretched, when one of her allies acquainted her with the information that a young woman was dying in the garret of the house she was about passing. Mrs. Pierreham immediately hastened up the rickety and noxious stairs, and entered the dreary, naked room. On a pallet in the corner lay a young woman, once beautiful, now wan and wasted, scarcely more than a shadow, and with a look of the soul. Her eyes, wild, watery, &c., spoke of a will yet unquenched, of a spirit still in revolt. By her side, making a sunshade in a shady place—the one bright star in a world of darkness—sat a little girl hardly three years old, unconscious, untroubled, playing with bits of broken crockery, apparently picked up in the street.

In the smothered, helpless, yet defiant fire of those dying eyes, in the vivid contrast, in the woe and want, the death and the life, there was something so strange and sudden that Mrs. Pierreham was shocked, and for a moment could not

speak. She took the thin hand in silent, tearful sympathy, and, when she found voice, only said softly, "You are very ill?"

"Ill?" said the sufferer, sharply. "I am dying—I am dead! It is Hell—and—I don't care!"

"Poor thing! Oh! poor child, poor child!" cried Mrs. Pierreham, kneeling over her, in a burst of ineffable pity and tenderness.

"I could have fought it out," she gasped, brokenly. "I did fight it out. And I'll be the same in Hell. Why, what do you care?"

"You have suffered so, poor little child; you have had a hard life."

"Hard? It is devilish. What does it matter?"

There was a singular child-like questioning in the suddenly changed look, changing to this novel and unmistakable sympathy.

"I know no more than you," sobbed Mrs. Pierreham. "I am just as much baffled as you. Be comforted, you shall no longer struggle alone. I only want to comfort you. God is certainly love, though it does not always look like love."

"Oh! God!" she said, with feeble but wretched contentment, "what has He done for me? I hate Him! He has let me be crushed when He could have saved me by lifting His finger. I would have scorned to let a poor girl be trampled so. I don't respect Him."

"Perhaps you don't quite understand Him, dear," said Mrs. Pierreham, softly.

"But He might understand me," she cried, angrily, "or else not set up to be God."

Here the little girl, tired of her play, or craving notice and petting, crept up, and laid her dimpled fingers on the dark, matted hair.

"Milly," said the poor woman, all her anger changing into passionate tenderness. "Millicent, darling, mother loves you, God does not care, but forever and ever mamma loves you. Remember that."

"And what if I love her?" said Mrs. Pierreham, patting the rosy cheek.

"No good," sighed the mother, wearily. "If God has a mind to keep her, He can. If He has not, you can't. There is no use to fight. I fought and I failed. But I love you, Millicent. In Heaven or Hell I love you; remember that."

Her head fell back. The upturned eyes for a moment were full of the pathos of entreaty; then a rapture of wonder, and then came silence, and unconsciousness, and the iron sleep.

So suddenly indeed with an almost overpowering suddenness to the startled beholder, but, doubtless, after a long waiting, and a weary and bitter conflict to the sufferer—death overtook life. The eager and indignant soul went up to God with no sign of submission or penitence save that last doubtful look of the wonderful eyes; yet, as Mrs. Pierreham had watched her falling light, and seen the delicate features grow placid and sweet in their last repose, she felt not so much awe of Infinite Justice as peace in Infinite Knowledge and faith in Infinite Love. What human wrong and pain had warped this young heart, and repelled it even from Heavenly goodness, she could not tell, but cherished a living hope that Divine pity would yet receive, and reveal, and restore.

The landlady of the miserable garret had little information to give of her lodger. "She has been here but two weeks, mum, and held her head high and mighty like, and paid her rent like a lady; but inside, mum, was aisy to see she had one foot in the grave, and was aiver a stout lassie, and all she brought with her she should to keep the wame on fire. And never a soul come to see her, nor she never went nowhere only for to sell or to buy, the poor creature."

Mrs. South was the name she gave, but whether real or assumed there was nothing to indicate. On raising for pillow that day beneath a small book called *Daily Food*, old and well-worn, as if it had been carried in the pocket. On the blank page was written "Millicent. A New Year's gift from her mother." Nor was anything more even discovered regarding her name, parentage or history.

The little girl who had at first stood apart from Mrs. Pierreham viewing her shyly, recovered at length sufficient courage to approach and gaze, with one plump hand behind her, and then to circle slowly around, still keeping her eyes fixed on the strange and splendid vision. Even in all these broad surroundings Mrs. Pierreham could but observe her extraordinary grace and beauty. And when the shadow of death presently threw its chill over the little one, and a long low wail broke from her, unconscious of the real nature of her loss, but conscious of woe and desolation, Mrs. Pierreham felt her love kindle toward the orphan.

What if, instead of reporting her to the city authorities, as she had solely indicated at first, she took her to her own home? She put aside the tangled hair that should have been golden, and curling, and shining; she touched the rosy cheek and dimpled chin, not pure but delicately rounded and very fair; she looked into the blue eyes, dimmed with tears and painfully with uncomprehended grief. It is not to be told that the tears of Beauty touch the heart, which the tears of Beauty leave unmoved, and that the child's loveliness chiefly suggested salvation from a fate which might have only have made more forlorn. But thus it was, and without waiting to consult her husband, moved by sudden impulse, Mrs. Pierreham put the little girl into her pocket, and took the ragged, dirty child into her own carriage awaiting her not far off, and bore her to her own home.

Colonel Pierreham would not be at home till the dinner-hour. With glowing cheeks and nimble fingers Mrs. Pierreham herself took part in washing and dressing the orphan. The soft skin came out from the bath clean and fresh and delicate as the petals of a blush rose. The long, rough hair grew fine and silken and wavy under her supple hands. A complete and beautiful, but strikingly simple, outfit was easily procured from the shops, and Mrs. Pierreham and her maids gazed—she with silent, and they with frank, outspoken delight at this new and exquisite creation which seemed to have been cradled before the eyes.

As for the little lady, she bore herself as becomingly a lady. There was at times a very touching self-restraint, unnatural in such a baby. It was as if the mother's suffering had impressed its seal of self-control on her offspring. And when the sob could no longer be repressed, and "I want my mamma" burst from the quivering lips, Mrs. Pierreham could only clasp the child in her arms and strive by every tender tone and every fond endearment to fill the little mournful heart with satisfaction for her lost mother and hope for the new day. And the child's own bounding natural spirits and fresh life and few years counted, even with her sad, premature power of resignation, to make the task easy. So presently the tiny creature stood before the pier-glass viewing, probably for the first time, her reflected image, and tried to touch the spotless cambric and the flowing hair she saw, and thought her own reflection was another little girl, and bowed to it with a pretty, piquant, satisfied grace.

and when Colonel Pierreham came home she was playing on the hearth rug with big, growing Mack, the colonel's pet, who had already laid his thunders by in gracious adoption of, and loyalty to, this lovely Lady Una.

Now it was this very home-coming of Col. Pierreham, which had given somewhat of nervous haste to Mrs. Pierreham's preparations, and sent a little subtle tremor through her blood. For she knew in her heart she was meditating a plan which her husband would not approve, and, being crafty, she was endeavoring to catch him with guile—with an innocent and natural guile—where she felt that a straightforward, direct course would have no success. This matter of adopting children had been spoken of between them; and, as often as spoken of, had Col. Pierreham declared that no unknown wall should ever drift into his affections. Col. Pierreham was a good man and true, honest and brave and loyal, but missing the last fine touch of courtesy and conciliation and deference, because no wise woman's hand had deftly laid it upon him. He would have been greatly astonished to be told that he failed in aught toward his wife; and, truly, he scarcely failed, save in a certain pre-emptory, seldom visible—being a gentleman—yet always latent, and forming always to his wife's consciousness a motive of action or inaction. And, sometimes—because it had been bred in him, and not sufficiently trained by a gentle mother, who accepted unquestioningly the federal headship of the man—he was a man whatever—sometimes this pre-emptory came out in a certain hard, offensive way, which brought a blush to his wife's cheek, and only did not alienate her because it was overtopped by a thousand good qualities, and chiefly buried out of sight by a real, honest generosity and greatheartedness, which unconsciously healed the wounds unconsciously made. If Mrs. Pierreham had been a little—a very little—wiser, she would have toned down the objectionable quality into a mere beneficent firmness, resolution, decision. But, not being that little wiser, and being withal pretty wise, she contented herself with living pleasantly all above, around, and about it—just as a brook gurgles and ripples and sprays over the stubborn stone which it cannot quite toss aside, till the gray old rock becomes moss-grown, and cool and fresh for the eye to look on, and hardly knows itself for an obstacle, but softens into a part of the bubbling brook and the flowery bank, and all the gay green world.

No Mrs. Pierreham, having cunningly and cautiously laid her train and lighted her fuse, sat down quietly to watch the result. Col. Pierreham came in with his usual cheery greetings, and, seeing Millicent and Mack on such cordial terms, supposed she was the child of some friend, for the moment out of the room. He was, moreover, very fond of children, and he immediately advanced to her, crying—

"Whose little fairy is this?"

"Anker," said Mrs. Pierreham, smiling. The little fairy started back from this fresh intruder, and stood with her hands folded behind in the old doubtful attitude, and gazed at him with prolonged and curious seriousness. Colonel Pierreham was much amused.

"Well, come, now, how do I pass muster?" Then she began slowly to revolve around him, surveying him all the while with the closest, silent inspection.

"Let us know when the examination is over," said the colonel, gravely.

"It that," said she, at length, nodding toward an opera glass, which he held in his hand, "it that—it that—with increasing accuracy, as she brought all her mind to bear on recovering the word—

"it that a micro-theope?"

The colonel shouted with delight, caught her up in his arms, and sent her dancing about till her curls tumbled over her cheeks, and her eyes grew wide and wild with pleasure. "Come now," said he, as he sat her down again, "tell me what is your ladyship's name."

"Name? Oh! Meckley Midget, I'll Mith Muffet," said the baby, throwing her curls over her forehead. She had not yet got over her frolic, and was in too merry a mood to answer soberly; and, as the colonel was just then called out, Mrs. Pierreham put the little girl to bed herself, and at dinner told her story to her husband.

Long before the tale ended he perceived its drift, and instinctively put on his defensive armor.

"Pity you had not found the poor woman sooner. Might have saved her life. Might have softened her down, at least. Have you reported the child?"

"N—no," said Mrs. Pierreham.

"No matter, I will do it to-morrow. I will step in before I go to the office. Pretty little creature, might be a gem. Where on earth did she pick up that 'micro-theope'?" You must keep track of her, and see that she is well placed."

"My dear, it seems a pity to give her up."

"Why, what would you do with her?"

"Save her from coldness and indifference, perhaps abuse, perhaps ruin."

"By keeping her here."

"She is too young to be of any use to you."

"But not too young for me to be of the greatest use to her."

"But you don't think of adopting her?"

"But I do think of just that."

"But you know, my dear, my—"

"Yes, dear, I do know just what you feel on that point, and I respect your feeling, and have never taken any measure against it. But here is a child thrown up at our feet out of the great stormy sea, and to go away and leave it seems to me quite another thing from not going on a cruise to find it."

"I don't want you to leave it, love. You shall care for its housing and clothing, and feeding and faring to your heart's content. All I insist on is, that you shall not take a child into your heart and life without knowing anything about its origin or stock. She is a little beauty now, I confess, but she may grow up a little devil. You don't know what blood is in her. Most likely it is bad and low, and will breed moral pestilence in time."

"I really think not," replied Mrs. Pierreham. "Her poor mother, even in those last few moments of her wrecked life, impressed me as a woman of superior power and fine instincts. And if you can judge at all by the looks, this child is surely gently born."

"You can't," said the colonel succinctly. "And if you can't, what then? The mischief is already done."

"What mischief, pray, my dear? You don't mean to tell me you have already appeared before the legislature

OF A London exchange tells of a good joke which was played, the other day, on an enthusiastic band of archaeologists, who were exploring the quaint old town of Canterbury in search of antique lore. The following was scrawled on the corner of an inscription copied from the secretary's stone of an old structure lately pulled down:

"SOMEONE HERE BEEN WITH ME YARR!
TAH DEER OR OTHER NOO KNOE LEEDINS
BEHINT FIVE NOS UNTER NOO BOW
GANGED FIVE AID NIFAR NOO SECRET
REB NAUT ER BURE ON CARD IS."

After the learned heads of the *secrets* had been puzzled for awhile, one of their number hit upon the expedient of reading the learned inscription backward, when it was found to be an ingenious transcription of a well known nursery rhyme—"Ride a cock horse," etc.

Nature's Cathartic. No medicine is needed to keep the bowels in order as long as nature's cathartic, the bile, flows freely and regularly from its source in the liver, and is of the right strength and quality. But the great biliary gland is easily disordered, and the consequences of its irregularities are serious. To bring it back to its natural condition when thus affected, **HOPKINS' BILE** or **BILE** should be taken at least twice a day until the desired effect is attained. Constipation is due to a want of bile, or to a lack of the stimulating element in the bile, or to a want of proper irrigation is useless. The liver must be commended to yield the supply of bile necessary to remove the waste matter from the system at least once in twenty-four hours before a radical cure of constipation can be accomplished. **Hopkins' Bile** produces this effect. Its action upon the stomach and liver is direct and salutary, and through these organs it regulates and improves the whole frame.

At this season of the year, when so many of our people are suffering from colds, we call attention to **DR. JAMES CHERIE FERTON'S** as a sure cure not only for coughs and colds, but all affections of the lungs and throat. Having used it in our family for many years, we can speak from personal knowledge of its efficacy. There may be other remedies that are as good as all our experience this has proved to be by far the best. Its qualities are uniform and wholly reliable. It is pleasant to take, and should be kept at command, by every family, as a sure remedy against a class of complaints which are pernicious in the beginning, but become afflicting and dangerous if neglected. *J. H. Rogers,*

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mentally somewhat slow, no matter how good he really might be. While one to three latices are on the skin of pimples, blotches, eruptions, yellow spots, comedones, or "grubs," a dose may frequently be required to clear the system where the eruption is potent with *acrodontia* or *viridula* head disease. The cure of all these diseases, however, on the common point on the worst scrofula is, with the use of this most potent agent, only a matter of time. Rooted by all drugs.

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N. R. V. FERRIS, Buffalo, N. Y.,
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MRS. A. W. WILLIAMS.

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66-122

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scurvy of the stomach, etc. However, it may
arise from various causes, such as, nutritional
defects, by frequent dyspepsia, etc. etc., all
fever, inflammation of the meninges, and
inflammation of the internal viscera. It is
not a positive cure.

"Fetch me a bottle of brandy, Downey," said the baronet. "I can neither think nor act till I have had something to steady my nerves."

Downey willingly obeyed, for he knew that under the influence of drink his friend was much more manageable than when he was sober, and he dreaded lest any hasty act should annihilate his own prospects of gain.

No sooner was he gone than the door of the passage leading to the haunted rooms opened noiselessly, and Miss Westworth appeared. A few light steps brought her to the table on which Sir John still rested his feverish head. She took the certificate without a sound, and had retreated and closed the door behind her, before the lawyer returned.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 28.)

A WOMAN'S VOW.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ANOTHER SUITOR.

Karl Clare and his sister had left N—, but in the wake of their footsteps Douglas Stewart appeared as a visitor, of whose business no one saw him could entertain a doubt.

"Templeton," he said with quivering lip, "you know what has brought me here. You are not devoid of feeling, as the world generally believes. I appeal to your friendship, if you have never known a tender passion. I need your sympathy in this. You have respect for me, I am sure, and will believe me when I tell you that I have never asked that of mortal man before; but, oh, Templeton, I love your ward—I love Miss Treasylan with all the strength of my manhood, and all other pursuits or ambitions seem light as air in comparison to the hope of winning her."

"You then wish to make her your wife?"

"With her consent it would be the crowning triumph of my life," replied the noble young man, earnestly.

"And you have your father's consent to lay such a proposition before me?" asked Templeton, calmly.

"Yes, but Templeton, my career is already shaped independently of all hereditary expectations. As a true son I should prefer his approbation, and I am proud to say I have it; but had he refused—when he could have just come for doing so—I should still have come to you, pleading nothing but my integrity of purpose and my love for her."

"And I should have said to you then as now," replied Templeton, feelingly, for the ingenuous frankness of the young man had moved even him, "that in all gentle, womanly refinements she is worthy of any position that could be offered her. Your father knows as much, perhaps more of Carroll Treasylan's antecedents than I. The mother of Miss Treasylan—and never did parent and child resemble each other more closely—was the daughter of a poor untitled gentleman—as the world would call him. I tell you this because it may be my duty to warn you that your peers of England and Scotland might consider your alliance with her an unwelcome interference."

"I should scorn their interference," replied the young man, warmly. "You, sir, know that no man living is worthy of Miss Treasylan."

"I did not speak of her," returned Templeton, proudly. "I could not do that, you have seen what she is. And, should her heart be yours, I shall give her to you with the conviction that a more priceless boon was never bestowed upon man, but I shall have the consolation of knowing, at the same time, that you are nearer worthy of her than any one I know. I saw her but a moment since under the lindens in the garden. You will find her there. Go and plead your own suit."

"It was a rare thing indeed for Earl Templeton to bestow praise in express terms upon any living man. Douglas Stewart knew this, and with the wrong the right of gratitude as he went on."

He came upon Angela rather suddenly, as she sat in pensive attitude on the steps of a summer-house with a volume of poems in her hand.

"Ah," she said, looking up with a vivid blush, "how you frightened me! I thought it was only my guardian."

"Would to Heaven, Miss Treasylan," he cried, as he threw himself down at her side, "could I have been able to attribute your emotion to a gentler cause, in which fear was never to have a part. I am not your guardian now, but oh, let me hope to be that too some day, with the yet dearer and prouder title of a husband. I come to you from Mr. Templeton, and I bring to you his sympathy and his approbation of my suit. Sometimes I have dared to think that perhaps you might learn to regard me with favor. But of late, since your visit must have announced my purpose to you, I have begun to fancy that you shunned me. Dear Miss Treasylan—Angela—do not shrink from me. Every aspiration of my life is in the dust at your feet, but with your smile of approbation there is no doubt that they would not soar so high, no height that they should not reach. Only tell me that when proud personal triumphs are added to the ancient name I bear, I may come back to claim you as my peerless reward."

"Hush! Oh, hush!" cried Angela, the startled look of pain still in her beautiful face. "I must not, cannot hear you. I have tried to show you I can never love you."

"Then you have given your heart to another?" claimed her lover, with fierce, passionate jealousy.

"No, as Heaven is my judge, no!" she responded hurriedly. "But, you must believe me once for all, I do not love any one, and I am sure I never shall. I have liked you, have enjoyed your company as an acquaintance, but the moment you speak of love I am filled with emotions of fear—of aversion—or I know not what. Every word but adds to my embarrassment and pain. Pray let me go in, and do not seek to renew this conversation, or I am sure I shall dislike you."

Douglas Stewart found Templeton in the midst of a diplomatic correspondence.

"Well," exclaimed the latter, drawing a long breath, as he looked up.

"Only the young man, ever-courting ill," cried the young man, as he threw himself in a chair and buried his face in his hands, while his whole frame shook convulsively.

"Oh, Mr. Templeton, bear with me! You have seen me in defeat and in triumph before, but you never saw me like this. It is all over with me."

"There was a single look, as of fierce joy, in Earl Templeton's wonderful eyes, but it was gone in a moment, while a calm dignity, not unmixed perhaps with pity, was all that remained. By degrees he drew from the ardent young lover the details of his interview with his ward; and with his first unfeigned words, Douglas Stewart lifted his head quickly.

"I do not see that you should despair,"

The words were distinct and dispassionate; nor could the other, even in the first bitter disappointment of his tempestuous youth, have known half the pain their utterance had cost him, as he spoke.

"God bless you, sir, for those words, but if you could have seen her face, as I did when she left me, you would know that I can have nothing to look for in the future."

"She tells you that she loves no one," said Templeton, resolutely; "and in that, as in all things else, she spoke the truth. But of the future, she could not know. As well might the beautiful flowers we see out there, thick to blossom and flourish, with the warmth of the spring or the light of day, as for Angela Treasylan to live without love. You would be unwise to press her now, as she says, for her heart is as yet almost a sealed book. All you can do will be to wait and try your chances, which must be as fair as those of any other, at a later day."

And Douglas Stewart, consoled with the thought that he might yet cherish, left by the next train for his distant home.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE RETROSPECT, AND A SENTENCE OF DEATH.

Again the summer had passed, and with the frosts of winter the councils of the nation summoned Earl Templeton once more to London.

The gaiety of the season was at its climax, when Angela Treasylan again asserted that undisputed sovereignty in society, to which her beauty, wealth and second-place position had previously entitled her. In proportion as her love of conquest grew less, did victory perch upon her banners and knights and nobles kneel in her train. Sometimes she might appear a shadow more thoughtful than of old—but her wit and humor were still supreme.

Day by day Templeton's passion had grown stronger, until life itself had again become the weariest of burdens; but he still struggled bravely on, and no one had fathomed his secret. To Angela he was still the tender, watchful guardian and brother—but no more. He had watched the development of her character with an eagerness that she had never dreamed of; but never yet had he admitted into his bosom one fixed hope of winning her in the end.

"Oh, God!" he would groan in the privacy of his own room, "this last madness is by far the worst of my life, and yet for my sake I am compelled to crush it from sight, and to wear a lying smile through every hour of the day."

And in truth, the smile was ever there—sometimes it might be haughty and sneering when called forth by others; but to her its tenderness rendered his face angelic with an almost holy beauty, because, though she had never guessed the motive, she read there the very perfection of unselfishness.

"Even if I were confident of winning her," he thought, "I have no right to speak. She might mistake gratitude for a tender feeling in her experience. I, who am old enough to be her father in truth, with every thought and feeling untried by rough contact with the world, I, to aspire to her love! It would be worse than the dream of a madman! It would be betrayal of my trust, it would be dishonor! No, I must be silent still."

One evening he chanced to find her alone, and called to her as she arose and prepared to leave the room.

"Angela, may I claim a moment of your precious time? I have been seeking an interview with you for the past week."

She turned back and stood at his side, while she tenderly lifted his hand and pressed it to her lips, but—

"Dear guardian, all my time is at your command. You had but to send me a message through Juliette. You do everything for me; yet you seem to think that you have even no claim upon my gratitude."

"I have none, Angela. I am but imperfectly discharging a duty."

"Angela, you do not know how happy I have been. Only—only it pains me to think that I can never repay you."

"You may—yes, you will," he answered, "if you can assure me that you are happy. My child, I would shield you from the slightest sorrow with my life if I could; yet sometimes, of late especially, I have fancied you less gay. You are hiding no secret from me?"

She looked up at him with a pained, bewildered expression.

"A secret from you? Ah, Mr. Templeton, how could you think me so mean—a nonchalant?"

"I do not! Heaven is my judge I do not," he answered. "But, Angela, as a young and beautiful woman you might feel shy of a stern old worldling like myself. You told Douglas Stewart six months ago that you had never loved. His devotion to you has been tested since then, and my child, as a brother, as one who has seen more of the hollow and falsehood of the world than he trusts you can ever dream of, I must tell you that woman has seldom won as true and loyal a heart as that which Douglas Stewart truly lays at your feet. He has wealth and position that half the women in London will envy you, and he is young, handsome and talented. Is there nothing in your heart that can plead for him more than when he urged his own suit six months ago?"

"Did he bid you ask me this?"

"Yes, and no. He only prays that you will grant him another opportunity to ask it in person."

"Then tell him from me, that he responded, that he will spare me the pain of that hour for all future time. If he imagined me doubting and uncertain then, there is room for neither now. If he thought me wavering in the assertion that I could never love him, then tell him I repeat it with emphasis now."

He stood in his great strength beside her—his arm around her slender waist—her head bowed toward his shoulder.

"Is that because you love another, Angela?"

He felt her shiver as with an ague.

"Are you so anxious to get rid of me, guardian?"

"Child, the hour in which I was called on to renounce all claim which I may have upon you, would be the most miserable of my life, and in my youth I imagined that age could bring no bitterness which I had not already known; yet I would bid it come to-morrow if I could feel assured that you would be happier."

"If it is my happiness that you would consult, never urge me to such a step," she cried, looking up. "I never wish to leave you, guardian. Let me stay with you always."

Oh, how he longed to clasp her to his breast, and with a thousand tender, passionate protestations of love swear that not the sword of death, nor the oblivion of the grave should ever tear her from him! Yet he resolutely shielded himself, and spoke to her still with the deliberation of reason.

"You have then decided, Angela?"

"Yes, for all time. I shall never marry until you tire of me, and then—"

"Then what, silly child?"

"I should pray for death instead."

"Well, there is the dressing-bell, and I will release you now."

His head was erect, and his step measured as he passed out from her presence; but alone in his own room, his strength gave way, the head sank upon his bosom, and great sobs heaved his chest, shaking all his frame.

"I dare not, dare not speak; and yet, oh, God, if such ineffable glory could come to me in the evening of my life!"

For the next few weeks Miss Treasylan saw even less of him than before. He was involved in some great parliamentary debate, he pleaded in excuse, and she shrank from disturbing him at all times.

The year before, she had again met that mysterious individual, Mrs. Chelsea, who lived at a retired but elegant home in London, and somehow Angela had felt drawn toward her in spite of a nameless repulsion that sometimes shocked and at other times drew her with a magnetic force. Mrs. Chelsea's mind was impaired, and the frequent dark gloom that came over the latter's spirits appealed to her tender sympathies. Perhaps the great attraction was that Mrs. Chelsea, whose health too seemed rapidly declining, would often talk to her with almost passionate eagerness of Earl Templeton.

"And you find him tender and considerate, with a heart in his bosom?" she would ask him fondly.

"The greatest I have ever known," Angela would reply, though trembling with a nameless dread. "You do not know how kind he has been to me, or you would bid me love him."

"I do, I do," muttered Mrs. Chelsea. "Love him, you ought to love him. And she would tell her the story of the beautiful and noble Spanish lady to whom Earl Templeton had given his heart years before, and who had died of grief in her early youth, because her family had rejected as a suitor the man who had not been allowed to marry her."

She told her too all the circumstances of that fatal duel with the dead woman's brother, in which Templeton had avenged a brutal insult to himself, and of his wretched wanderings for years, until Angela wept with a great sorrow and pity.

And when the latter had returned home, she would tell her the story of the noble and beautiful Spanish lady to whom Earl Templeton had given his heart years before, and who had died of grief in her early youth, because her family had rejected as a suitor the man who had not been allowed to marry her."

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husband, or we must part to-night, never to meet again in this world."

He looked down at her with a world of pleading in the classic face, that had all the tenderness of a woman's now, and stretched out his arms beseechingly for her.

She had looked up, too, like a startled fawn, soft, tremulous light flashed over her varying countenance, an irradiation that staggered her seemed to be about them; and as her glance met his, he drew her to him, never more to doubt but that her whole heart had been given like wax into his hands until it should cease to beat.

CHAPTER XLVI.

RIVEN FROM THE DEAD.

And Earl Templeton had parted from his beloved; but he felt that his life would henceforth be no glorious battle, and the kiss at parting for the next few weeks had been one of peaceful, tender benediction. When she came back it would be to Lady Melbourne's house, until he could take her thence as queen of his soul's—his radiant, peerless wife—nevermore to part in this world, nevermore. He was proudly, imperiously happy, and he longed to be out of London in the greater quietude of his beautiful home at N—, which her presence had hallowed forever, that his unseen joy might walk with him under the whispering lime trees of the gardens until she should be there in person.

He had briefly acquainted Lady Melbourne with the results of her suggestion, upon which he had acted; and after that, as he could not bear to speak with any one even upon matters of common interest, he shunned both friends and rivals, and dreamily in the House while animated debates were going on around him, and at the earliest moment hastened down to N—.

The snow was rapidly covering the earth again on the evening he reached home, but that mattered little to him now, it could not chill the heart that was beating so tumultuously in his bosom or dampen the ardor of his hopes. She had told him of her love in words and looks that never could be feigned, and the devil himself, he thought, could not be mean, and should not be powerful enough to tear her from him.

Architects and upholsterers were busy in the house effecting changes, which some childish whims of hers had suggested on her first return from school, and which she had never thought of since, and never would have done again. The servants too began to marvel at all these sudden works going on, and above all at the new strange, softened light in their master's face which made him look ten years younger, though for the matter of that he had always been accounted the handsomest man in N—, but they discreetly held their peace.

And Earl Templeton was happiest when the hammering and confusion of the day were done, and he could sit alone in his library dreaming of the time he had seen her here in her innocent young beauty. He never read now—yet he seemed always deeply preoccupied in thought.

Sitting thus before his fire one chilly evening while the snow still fell without, he turned with something of his old haughtiness as Carlos looked in.

"Well, what is it? I am tired of being interrupted."

"A man to see you, sir. I told him you were busy, and that he could not come in, but he would listen to nothing."

"You can see your hands still, sirrah! Put him out!"

But by this time, a strange figure, that of a man past middle age as he could see, for the hair was white, and the cheeks hollow, had pushed by the servant, and now stood before him.

"Earle Templeton, it was not thus that you would have received me in the years that are gone. Am I less welcome now?"

The voice arrested Templeton in spite of himself, he looked up inquisitively, in the gathering gloom.

"There is something that appeals to my memory in the sound of your voice, and yet I do not know you. Will you favor me with your name?"

"Order your servant to bring lights."

Half mechanically, Templeton rang the bell at his elbow. A strange, shivering sensation had crept over him.

"I come back, Templeton, to find your name in the months of all. You have won great renown. You have prospered in all things. This has given my heart great joy."

"I thank you," answered Earle, in a broken voice. "Yes, I have prospered beyond the most sanguine expectations of those who have called themselves my friends. But you speak as though you had known me in my youth. I must have met you in the years that I was wandering abroad. Will you kindly suggest where?"

Carlos had returned with lights, and the other now sat at the table by which Templeton was sitting. The old man arose, and stood before him. "You do not know me now?"

"No."

"Ah! I cannot wonder at it," replied the stranger, sadly. "Eighteen years of such a life as mine has been, would change the hardest child into an old man. Yet I had hoped, Earle—since those to whom I might have turned even more fondly for sympathy, are dead—that there would be something in your breast to which I could appeal, though the lines of my face should have altered to strangers. Yet even you can recall nothing."

"No," replied Templeton. "The sound of your voice—a nameless something in your eyes as you look at me, too has upon the feelings of my heart to-day, for they awaken such recollections of the generous protector of my boyhood, the noble friend and adviser of my young manhood, that I am almost tempted to think the grave has given up its dead, and that Carroll Treasylan—"

"Ah, thank God! thank God!" cried the old man, "he does remember. Earle, the dead has come back to you. It is I. The breath still animated my wretched body in all these years, while life was a curse from which my only prayer was to be relieved. I am Carroll Treasylan still in the flesh."

"No! no!" cried Templeton, his face blanched and his whole frame quivering. "This is some cheat of my imagination! Carroll Treasylan was cruelly and surely murdered."

"And again no!" answered the other. "Believe me, Earle. Look at me, and you cannot doubt. It was a case of kidnapping, and not of murder. I was borne away in chains to the end of civilization; but as I have told you, life was spared. Have you no welcome still?"

Earle Templeton had risen to his feet, and stretching out his strong arms, clasped the old man to his breast.

"God knows," he said, "if my whole soul did not go out to welcome you, I should not deserve the countenance of Heaven. Doubtly dear to my heart, friend, father—our efforts shall be singly for the promotion of your happiness in all the future."

"You guess, then?" cried Carroll Treasylan, excitedly. "I am indeed still remembered of Heaven, since you are spared. But they tell me, Earle, that my wife left her child in your charge when she died. Where is she? I long to fold her in my arms—to see if she resembles the mother for whom the past years would have been as nothing, could to-day have restored me to her."

"Your wife!" cried Carroll Treasylan, starting back in horror. "My God, Earle, did you not call me 'father' already, a moment since? Did you never guess? Oh, Heaven! what secret crimes have I ever committed, that I should be thus cursed? Boy, you are my son, and the woman you speak of as your promised wife is your sister!"

There was a shuddering horror in Carroll Treasylan's face, but it was as nothing to the fearful death agony that shook Earle Templeton's frame. He stretched out his hands appealingly, as though to ward off some crushing blow, and fell senseless across the floor.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 14.)

Plan for the Centennial Buildings—Preparations for Work.

The preliminary studies for the temporary buildings of the United States Centennial Commission, to be erected in Fairmount Park, under the direction of Van A. Hoffman, of New York, (architects), for the Exhibition of 1876 have been finally approved by the Director General, A. T. Goshorn, of Ohio. They had previously been approved by the Executive Committee, which met at Willard's Hotel in Washington last week. The architects will at once prepare the working drawings and specifications, and proposals and bids will be advertised for.

It is believed that by the 9th of February everything will be complete, and inside of sixty days the preparations for work on the buildings will be ready. Thirty days of the above-mentioned time will be needed for the reception of the bids and proposals. In the description appended the lower and some of the vistas provided for in the original plan have been stricken out by the Director General as not necessary and only adding to the expense of construction without adding anything to the space inside the buildings.

The Main Pavilion, or Temporary Exhibition Building, is designed as a parallelogram in plan, having the following dimensions, viz:

Inside length at floor level between the fronts of the galleries, 1,000 ft. 0 in.

Inside breadth at same place, 705 " 6 "

Outside length at floor level, 1,776 " 0 "

Outside breadth at floor level, 812 " 6 "

Length over all, including carriage porches, 1,876 " 0 "

Area of floor for exhibition purposes, (including courts, which cover about one acre.) 26 acres.

Area of galleries, 3 " "

Area of offices, restaurants, &c., 1 1/2 " "

Total available area, 30 1/2 acres.

The building is composed of seven pavilions in length and three in breadth, making twenty-one in all, each pavilion being a square of 240 feet 10 inches on the side.

The corners of the squares are cut off, so as to form octagonal open courts of 67 feet 4 inches in diameter, of which there will be 12 complete octagons in the interior of the buildings, and 20 semi-octagons on the exterior.

The pavilions are covered with curved roofs, supported on arched ribs or trusses springing from the ground line, at the angles and faces of the octagons.

The span of the ribs, which run diagonally across the square of the pavilion, is 265 feet 4 inches. These ribs intersect in pairs at the summit of the arch, and thus support each other against lateral forces.

The span of the ribs, which runs square with the pavilion, is 173 feet 4 inches.

Another set of ribs are placed between the square and diagonal ones, making 12 ribs in all to form a pavilion.

HORRID MISS LEIGH.

Tom Lottrell, aged twenty-four, was a thoroughly good fellow—good tempered, good-looking, and heir to a good property, but he had one sorrow; he was engaged to a girl he had never seen.

Some ten years before a dispute had arisen about a certain Hillington estate in Leicestershire, to which Mr. Lottrell—Tom's father—and a certain Carnworth Leigh both laid claim. Litigation seemed inevitable, and the legal fraternity began to pick up its ears, when one morning Mr. Lottrell received the following note:—

"DEAR LOTTRELL:—You and I have been good friends all our lives, and there is no man living for whom I have a greater esteem than for yourself. Cannot we, then, settle this wretched business without troubling these infernal lawyers? My uncle, Haughton Leigh, had a suit that lasted him twenty years, and killed him in the end. Now listen to me; my daughter Nellie will have all I've got at my death, except Barfield, which goes to Jack's boy. Why shouldn't she marry your boy Tom? Let the property alone for the next ten years; then Nellie will be eighteen, and Tom forty-and-twenty; if they like to marry then, well and good; if either should decline to carry out the arrangement, let the property go to the other. This is a rough idea of my plan, which Jackson, your lawyer, could soon put into shape. What do you say?"

"Yours, &c.,
"CARNWORTH LEIGH, Barfield."

To this proposition Mr. Lottrell agreed, and Tom found himself an engaged man at fourteen. Soon after this Mr. Leigh was obliged to leave England for his health, and for many years he resided entirely on the continent. So it happened that Tom and his future bride had never met.

About a month before the time fixed for his wedding, Tom betook himself to a small inn in the village of Bettlebourne, near Stockford, nominally to fish, but in reality to escape from his father's arguments and to get leisure time to himself for quiet reflection, while he sojourned his wretched soul with tobacco.

One day, as he lay lazily smoking by the silver back, something fell from a high bank above him and dropped lightly on the water, while a girl's voice exclaimed:—

"Oh, my gracious—my hat!"

Tom looked, and saw a very neat little hat floating, boat-like, down the stream.

"Bother the young woman!" he grumbled. "I suppose now she'll expect me to fetch it."

As he rose he looked up to the spot from which the voice had proceeded, and saw a girl whose beauty surprised him. She stood bareheaded on the bank, gazing with a look of comic dismay after the fast-receding hat, and Tom had an opportunity of examining critically from the little head, with its crisp brown hair, disordered by the wind, to the slim ankles which her position revealed as she stood above him.

Kneeling some yards down the bank, he stepped out upon an old willow, which protruded over the stream, and waited in the hope that the current would bring the hat within his reach. He was not disappointed, and in a few minutes more he was again on terra-firma with his prize.

"I must make friends with this young person," he thought, as he carefully dried the dripping feather with his handkerchief.

The fair stranger had watched his efforts from her elevated post, and smiled sweetly on him as he climbed the bank with his recovered treasure. She had evidently been sketching, for her materials were scattered in picturesque confusion around her.

"I hope it's not much damaged," said Tom, as he looked rather ruefully at the result of his manipulations. "I'm afraid the feather's in a bad way."

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least—thanks. How kind of you to take so much trouble. But for you, I must have walked home bareheaded."

"I wouldn't put it on just yet," Tom said. "Let it be in the sun a little and dry, while you go on with your work."

"But suppose it starts off again, when there's no one to recover it for me?" she suggested.

"Let me guard it, then, and you can work in peace. You are sketching, I see; may I look?"

"Oh, yes; but it's a miserable failure, I'm afraid," she said, laughing, as she handed it to him. Tom examined it, and, being a bit of an amateur himself, proceeded to criticize, and finally to instruct.

He found the girl very charming; she seemed so delightfully free from all conventionalities, without at all resembling his late noir, the "fast girl."

They grew quite confidential as the lesson proceeded, and were amazed when, on consulting watches, they discovered that it was half-past six.

"I must fly," she said, "or I shall be late for dinner, and Sir John can't stand that."

"Have you far to go?" asked Tom, craftily.

"About a mile. I'm staying at Newlands. Good-bye. No, I can carry them, thanks. I couldn't think of troubling you any more. Good-bye, and she was off."

Tom went to his room, thinking a great deal about his new friend, wondering where the charm lay which, even more than her beauty, had fascinated him.

"Perhaps it's her dress," he thought; "she dresses better than any woman I ever saw, and then her boots!" Here he lit a cigar and fell into a dream about the said boots and about the little white hand which had worked so industriously and confidently under the direction of his big brown paw. All the next day he wandered by the river, but she came not. That evening he was restless and ill-tempered with his hostess and every one who approached him.

The day after he was more fortunate. She was sitting in the old spot, and greeted him suitably.

"You're just in time," she said. "Look at my tree; isn't it like those bright-green canidowers you see in the pickle bottles?"

Tom sat down and set to work on the refractory tree, while she watched him.

"I say," said she, at last, "isn't this dreadfully improper?"

"Which?" asked Tom, working away vigorously.

"Why, you and me," she replied, ungrammatically. "We've never been introduced, and I don't in the least know who you are or anything about you. Lady Turnbull would have a fit if she knew it."

"Let me introduce myself," said Tom, laughing. "My name is Lottrell—Tom Lottrell; or, if you prefer it, Thomas Curzon Alvanley Lottrell."

If she had not been sitting behind him, Tom must have noticed the flush which spread over her face at this announcement. After a pause, she said, slowly:

"So you're Tom Lottrell?"

"Yes," said he, looking up. "What do you know of me?"

"There is a young lady staying at Newlands who is a great friend of mine; she has told me about you."

"Indeed! And what's her name?"

"Miss Leigh; Nellie Leigh."

It was Tom's turn to flash now. "Miss Leigh!" he repeated. "Good heavens! you don't mean to say she is in the neighborhood?"

"You don't seem fond of her," she said, quietly.

Tom painted violently. "I hate fast girls," he said, at last.

"How do you know she's fast? You never saw her."

"I've heard about her," Tom said, gloomily.

"What have you heard about her?" demanded his companion, sharply.

"Why, there was Ernest Browne; he met her a little while ago. She talked along the whole time to him, and—and she, I think he said, and wanted to smoke. Then Tiverton told me she was the best hand at quoting Artemus Ward he ever heard. Bah! I hate a girl that quotes Artemus Ward!"

His companion watched him with a mischievous smile.

"I wish you'd be less careless with that tongue," she said; "you'll upset my water directly, and then you'll have to go and get some more."

"Now don't you begin it," Tom pleaded.

"Why not? I like Artemus."

Tom shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," his tormentor continued, "have you any other fault to find with your bride?"

"She's not my bride."

"But she will be."

"No, I'm bothered if she will!" Tom broke out, vehemently.

"What! will you buy your freedom with Hillington and seven thousand a year?"

"Aye, and think it cheap at that price."

"Complimentary to Miss Leigh. Shall I tell her?"

"If you like—but never mind Miss Leigh."

"You've not told me your name yet," said Tom, after while.

"My name?" she repeated; "oh, never mind my name."

"But I do mind your name. Won't you tell me?"

"My name's Nellie, too," she said, musingly.

"Shall I call you Nellie, then?" he asked.

"Certainly not," she said, coldly, and recommenced painting vigorously. He was getting on too fast.

Tom watched her silently. "Won't you forgive me?" he pleaded, after while.

"Shall I?" she said, holding her sketch at arm's length, to observe the effect.

"Yes, do," said Tom, "it's so Christian."

"Then I will," and she gave him her hand with a most adorable smile. Tom felt sadly inclined to kiss it, but refrained.

"Now," said she, consulting her watch, "I must be off."

"And will you allow me to carry your things?" asked Tom.

But at this moment she was capricious, as ladies will be sometimes, and positively refused to allow him to do any such thing. Then arose a struggle for the "things," which were, however, captured by Tom after a short resistance.

She turned and walked majestically away as Tom gathered up the implements with a grin, and followed her. When he came up to her she was sitting on a stile, looking dreamily on the ground. She raised her eyes as he approached.

"Mr. Lottrell," she said, "I want to speak to you seriously."

Tom deposited his burden on the ground, sat himself on a log facing her, and waited solemnly.

"I want to know if you're quite determined not to marry Miss Leigh?"

"I am," he replied, looking steadily at her, and tapping his teeth with his H. B. pencil.

"Since when?"

He hesitated.

"Since when?" she repeated, imperiously.

Tom began to dig little holes with his stick.

"Well, within the last few days," he said, at last.

If he had been looking at her, he might have seen the smile and blush of pleasure which lit up her face as he spoke.

"You see," he continued, "it's my father's marriage, not mine; and a man likes to choose his own wife. I dare say there's no real harm in the young person. If she's your friend, it speaks well for her, but still—"

"But still what? You've never seen her; how can you tell you won't like her?"

Tom became more than ever absorbed in his excavations.

"The truth is," he blurted out between the dig; "the truth is that lately, quite lately, I think I've seen the only girl I shall ever care to ask to be my wife, and she looked suddenly up at her."

She rose confused, and began to consult her watch earnestly.

"I must go, really. Please give me my things. This is the park boundary, so I won't trouble you any more."

She sprang over the stile as she spoke, interposing it between them as they said adieu.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked, as he held her hand at parting. She allowed it to linger in his, as she answered:—

"Oh, soon, I dare say; perhaps when you least expect it." And gently returning the pressure of his hand, she turned away. After a few steps, she looked back.

"Any message to Miss Leigh?" she asked, mockingly.

"Oh, confound Miss Leigh!" growled Tom, "I wish she was in Okechete. Then, seating himself on the stile, he lit a cigar and watched her graceful figure till he could see it no longer. Suddenly he smote his thigh. 'By Jove! I never got her name after all,' he said."

Immediately on arriving at his inn he commenced a cross-examination of his hostess, by which he learned two facts. Firstly, that Newlands was the property of Sir John Turnbull; and, secondly, that there were two young ladies staying there, Miss Leigh and Miss Harding.

Next day saw him speeding in a hansom from Paddington to his father's house in Brook street, intent on destroying that worthy old gentleman's peace of mind by the announcement of his determination to give up Miss Leigh and Hillington.

"My father in, Simms?" he asked of the butler, when that functionary appeared to attend his young master.

"No, sir; Mr. Lottrell went out with Mr. Leigh just after lunch."

"Yes, sir; Mr. and Miss Leigh arrived this morning from the country."

"The deuce!" said Tom; "they haunt me wherever I go," and he retired precipitately to his own den.

"Bring me something to eat here, Simms, and don't let Miss Leigh know that I am in the house."

By the time he had finished his lunch his mind was made up. Selecting a hugely-

created sheet of stiff note-paper, so as to give the document an official character, he set down, squared his elbows, and commenced to write. The following epistle was the result of his efforts:—

"MY DEAR MISS LEIGH:—For the first time I address you, personally, though you doubtless must have been for some time aware of the link which in some way connects us. The time has now arrived when our decision must be made in regard to our future—whether we shall go through life together or separate—at once and forever. I will not conceal from you, my dear Miss Leigh, that for some years I have looked on you as my destined bride, and have considered myself fortunate in the prospect of an alliance with one of whose beauty and goodness I have heard so much. It is but quite recently that I have discovered that my heart is no longer mine to dispose of, and I now feel that to urge you to fulfil our engagement would be to insure a life of misery for both of us. Let us, then, separate without a personal interview, which would only cause unnecessary embarrassment. As to Hillington, I resign it to you willingly, feeling sure that you would make a better mistress than I should a master."

"Trusting, then, some day to meet you as the bride of some one more worthy to possess you than myself, I am, my dear Miss Leigh, your sincere friend."

"THOMAS CURZON LOTTRELL."

"That'll do, I think; I hope it won't smell of tobacco, Simms," as that worthy answered the bell; "take this to Miss Leigh, with my compliments."

Simms was too well-trained to show surprise at anything; he bowed and went. In ten minutes he returned.

"Miss Leigh's compliments, sir, and would you speak to her in the drawing-room?"

"Oh, hang her!" said Tom; but there was no escape. The drawing-room was darkened to exclude the afternoon sun, but Tom discovered a white figure at the far end, which rose and bowed as he advanced.

"I am delighted, Miss Leigh," he began, "to have the pleasure—Hollos! Miss Harding? You here?"

"Miss who?" said the laughing voice of his Bettlebourne friend, "I am not Miss Harding."

"Then who in the name of goodness are you?" he demanded, eagerly.

She looked down demurely.

"That's the name, Miss Leigh, as you called me the other day."

Tom sat down and stared at her; presently he broke into a great laugh.

"Oh, it's all very well to laugh," she said, in an injured tone.

In a moment more he was kneeling by her chair, looking into her eyes.

"Miss Leigh—Nellie!"

"I told you not to call me Nellie, yesterday," she said, tartly.

"Yes, but yesterday isn't to-day; we're engaged now."

"Then, sir? What, after this?"

"Oh, hush! the letter! You know I love you to distraction. You are your own only rival in my love, and you will marry me, dear, won't you?"

"Certainly not. You said I was fast and slangy, and that Hillington would be a cheap price to pay to get rid of me. Is this the letter? Let go my hand—how dare you, sir? Be quiet, Mr. Lottrell! Tom did!"

But Tom was not to be denied. After this spirited resistance, Miss Leigh surrendered ignominiously.

"Tom," she whispered, as her head lay on his shoulder, "do you really care for me?" (Kisses and protestations.)

"And you really want to marry me?" (More kisses and protestations.)

"Then, and her voice sank lower yet, 'then take down the card, for I'm let to a single gentleman.'"

And Yet They Were Not Happy.

The renowned Caliph Haroun Al Raschid rose one morning in a very melancholy humor. He at once summoned the Grand Vizier, who hastened to obey. He thus addressed his Premier:

"I feel very disconsolate; I had a dream last night, when I beheld all the women of my kingdom at the feet of my throne, beseeching me to help them. Their grievances were that they were unhappy, asking me to remove their wretchedness; and I must admit, it is true, their lot is very hard."

The Grand Vizier replied, "Sir, I assure you there is no ground for their complaint, and that among all not one would consent to exchange her condition."

"I am aware that my ministers are always ready to deal in such phrases whenever they are reproved, that the people and their interests are neglected. But I swear by Allah I shall have you strangled if you do not produce in the space of one month, one happy woman. Do you hear? but one single instance out of my whole kingdom. It is certainly a demand of no great hardship. And now, you may go in peace, and I shall expect you to return after one month. But if you have not complied with my commands by that time, fear my wrath."

The Premier, cast down, left the palace, when he met a maiden with blooming cheeks, carrying a water vessel on her head and singing merrily as she went. He called to her, saying, "Art thou happy?"

"Happy? No, indeed! I work from morning early until evening late, and scarcely make a living. I am obliged to rise early, and retire late to my bed, not having earned enough frequently to pay for a scanty meal."

"Fool that I was," the minister concluded, "that I should come here to look for happy people," and quickly went to the house of a rich Jewish banker.

"She certainly must be happy," reflected the Vizier; "she is comfortably situated, clad in the richest of apparel, decked with the most costly jewelry, and surrounded by slaves to do her bidding. She knows neither care or want."

"Alas!" was the reply to the general question, turning her handsome dark eyes with longing toward Heaven. "Sir, I am the most unhappy of all women in Bagdad. My husband loves me, but money and money matters, leaving his wife to address. A wife is like unto a flower, which will live and flourish when supported by the majestic palm tree, but neglected and forsaken, as the wife is without love, she is made to wither."

"By the Prophet, one who loves her husband with such ardor certainly deserves to be happy." Where shall I find the desired person?"

The sigh had hardly escaped his breast when, as if pursued, he ran in great haste to the opposite part of the city. There dwelt a woman who had been married but two months ago. He exclaimed, "I have found her, I have found her," and entered the house with joy.

"Hail to the happy woman!" were his words of greeting, making a low bow to the young wife, and waiting with anxiety for an answer.

"Happy? I happy?" replied the young bride, shrugging her shoulders. "Oh, no; no longer. My husband gives me not a moment's peace. He cannot bear to leave me alone for an instant. I know he loves me, but he repeats the story too often, and if a peace does ensue he thereupon expects us to begin. He swears some thousand times a day that he loves me—yes, he swears it with the most awful oaths, and seems not to be satisfied until I join with him in a like strain. At first this little game was quite pleasant, but now—"

The ill-fated minister now began to despair. He abandoned his search in the capital, and was determined to try the country. But despite of his zeal, he there, too, did not succeed—could not discover the precious pearl demanded by the Caliph. Besides, the time allotted was nearly at an end, and he had but one more village to explore. When about entering it, he observed a peasant and his wife in the field. The latter was crying aloud because her husband had struck her.

"I miserable! I unhappy!" exclaimed the woman; "on the contrary, I am very happy."

"But did I not see your husband strike you?"

"True, he does strike me at times, but it matters not; he is able, alas, to protect me with a strong arm. Most certainly, I am perfectly happy."

The Grand Vizier, now relieved of his heavy burden, exclaimed, "Finally, finally, I have found one happy woman!" and he triumphantly took her to Bagdad.

Appearing with his conquest before the Caliph, the latter said, "Well, have you found a happy woman?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir."

"Oh, mighty Caliph!" exclaimed the peasant's wife at his feet, "have mercy upon me, miserable!"

"What is that?" the Grand Vizier became frightened, saying, "Did you not tell me you were happy?"

"Yes, at home with my husband and children, from whom you have torn me away. How is it possible that I should be happy at this place, so far away from them?"

"Be at ease," Haroun Al Raschid addressed his Premier, with a malicious smile on his countenance, "I pardon you; for during your absence I have discovered a happy woman, even here in Bagdad."

Opening his eyes widely, the Vizier asked, "Here in Bagdad? Had?"

"Yes, your own wife. I sent a page to ask her, in my name, whether she was happy."

"And what did she answer?"

"She answered, 'Of course I am happy, my husband being on a journey.'"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The old-fashioned minnet is being revived in New York society.

A wedding dress, ordered in Paris, for the Grand Duchess Maria, of Russia, cost \$2,500.

Telegraphy is now taught in some of the English public schools.

The Daily Hand Pump is the title of a newspaper in the oil regions.

Women are allowed to practice in the State courts in Illinois.

A Catalawia couple named Brobat, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage on New Year's day.

The canton of Nonchalat, Switzerland, has resolved to place a portrait of the late Prof. Agassiz in its legislative hall.

A teacher at a deaf and dumb school in England has offered to teach an unmanly intelligent ape, in the London Zoological Gardens, to speak.

Scandal is again busy about the Grand Duke Alexis. It is now reported that he has been married to the niece of the Russian Minister at Berlin.

Marshal Bazaine is said to occupy the identical room on the Isle of St. Marguerite in which the man with the iron mask was confined so many years.

A New York ball recently a lady wore \$10,000 worth of diamonds and old point lace.

The form of another human body which had been impressed on the ashes of Pompeii, has recently been preserved in plaster-of-paris. The cast is said to be extremely beautiful, and far superior to any which have hitherto been taken.

Barnum is picking up a new menagerie in Europe, and shipping home elephants, camels, ostriches, elands, zebras, reindeer, monkeys and goats by the cargo.

One week night in Boston recently, visitors to a public hall found a man sitting in a holding out a ticket-check, and saying, "Umbrellas, please."

People gratefully resigned their wet umbrellas to his custody, but when the entertainment was over, both man and umbrellas had disappeared.

The secret which Capt. Hall did not divulge until after the death of Lady Franklin is stated to be that in his search for Sir John Franklin and party, Capt. Hall made the sad discovery that they were reduced to the dire necessity of eating each other.

George Sand is the wealthiest authoress in the world. Forty years ago she was on the brink of starvation, she has now an annual income of over 100,000 francs from her copyrights and life contracts with French publishing houses, and her magnificent country seat of Nohant could not be bought for 500,000 francs.

The articles left by passengers in the English railroad cars are very numerous in the course of a year, and with those which remain unclaimed, are annually sold to the benefit of the employees of the company. At a recent sale of this kind there were 11,035 umbrellas, 1,150 sunshades and 312 walking sticks, not to mention various articles of clothing.

Twenty-seven Nashville ladies determined to practice economy; vowed not to wear anything more expensive than calico dresses to church; and they stuck to it, as none of them have attended church since.

The population of Philadelphia exceeds by more than a hundred thousand that of each of the States of California, Connecticut and Maine. It almost equals that of Alabama or Maryland. It is nearly double that of Arkansas, Kansas, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Vermont, or West Virginia. It exceeds that of the States of Delaware, Florida, Nebraska and the District of Columbia combined.

In Warren county, recently, a horse, being ridden at a smart gallop, caught its foot in a cavity in the road. The foot was wedged in firmly, and the impetus of the horse was so great that the hoof was wrenched completely off. The poor brute was afterward killed.

A writer in Scribner says that when a man enters a restaurant, calls for fish-balls, and bears "steak-buttions for one" ordered, and finds pork and beans transformed into "stars and stripes," he begins to wonder whether civilization is not a failure.

Monaco, the headquarters of gambling in Europe, since the practice was prohibited at Baden Baden and Hamburg, has had its first tragedy. A stranger after losing \$100,000 at the gambling table, quietly seated himself on a lounge and shot himself through the body with a pistol.

He was quite unknown, and not even his nationality was discovered.

In the Protestant graveyard at Florence repose the remains of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Her monument is a simple sarcophagus of white marble, standing on six marble columns, and bears no inscription except the letters "E. B. B. O. 1861." Emblems of Poetry and music—harps and lyres—are cut in relief in the marble. Very near rest the remains of Fanny Wagh Hunt, wife of Holman Hunt, the distinguished English artist. She died here in the first year of her marriage.

promoted, phospholipid nature, substituted by the carbonaceous air in the bell or by the fresh air pumped in through a tube from above. There are several variations, some of them weighing several hundred pounds; but our space will not permit us to give descriptions. They are as much used as the present day, we believe. 3d. We are disposed to regard as too severe. 3d. Points are now put up and sold, mostly mixed, so that you have only to choose your colors and apply them.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in next issue.]